

Fried Cheesecake

Megan Wilkinson

My breath would always quicken
with the swish of the curtains pulling
back--barely audible. Pale skin
tightened around the brown eyes
that reflected my own.

Graceful movements brought
a cigarette to his lips, and then to mine.
Orion's belt fell closer to me.

The sharp and somehow comforting scent of
crawfish and leather flushed my mind
toward long and steady fingers.
Hands of an artist added so much
color to my life.

Not one human could understand how
a webbed toe, a bite mark on my shoulder,
a scab tucked into my wallet could accumulate
and become all that the world had offered.

I held these memories close like
his teddy bear to my chest and watched
outside of the windows of my mind as
shiny black and grey hair moved through
the air. The tantalizing moan of a guitar
coursing through warm Coors light.

I watched his long fingers, and felt myself
move like twine.